

# Opinion

## Crowds follow, but to where does Jackson lead?

The nominations have been decided — Bush vs. Dukakis. But the question of who will be their running mates is predetermining a heated battle between Jesse Jackson and Michael Dukakis.

Some people believe Jackson has earned the right to an invitation to run with Dukakis, and as wrong as it is to think that one can have the "right" to be a running mate, Jackson's qualifications to be a vice president deserve examination.

Jackson was an up-and-coming activist in the days of Martin Luther King, and even then he had a feel for the limelight. If there is one thing that Jackson is good at, it is getting people's attention. That could be good for the vice presidency.

But one disturbing part of the Jackson image is the title 'reverend.' Since Jackson hasn't been a regular preacher for years, the title seems grandiose at this point. And he must

realize that he is bucking a huge portion of the population that, Christian or not, doesn't want a preacher in office.

Of course, his reasons for wanting to maintain this image are apparent. He wants to appeal to the downtrodden man, the one who believes that the meek will inherit the earth.

While a noble thought, Jackson needs to realize he is never going to be elected without the support of some of the upper class. Holding on to naive ideals only makes him appear incompetent and unrealistic.

As Jackson is very charismatic, it is easy to become entranced by his eloquence and emotion — but he still sounds like a preacher. To be successful as a politician, you have to talk and look like a politician. That may be a sad truth, but it isn't something that Jackson is likely to change.

Of course, Jackson does have

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limited foreign relations experience to back him up. He has jetted around the world to talk to terrorists and negotiate with them. Overlooking the fact that negotiating with terrorists is not generally considered to be worth the jet lag, or possible Senate investigations, and that he had no power to back up anything he said, Jackson may really have had something there.

But in domestic affairs, the thought of Jackson having any fiscal power is scary. Watching leading economists fall repeatedly flat on their faces does not exactly inspire confidence in Jackson, who has no experience or background in monetary policy.

In direct contrast to Jackson is the

image of the vice presidency. Right now that image is of a frowning, silent man who is shorter than his true height, with a name just as boring: George Bush.

Bush will probably be the next president, and his image will probably change. Indeed, the image seems more a result of his office than his personality. The fact that no incumbent vice president has been elected president in more than 150 years suggests a recurring theme.

While Jackson is flamboyant and outspoken, a showman and a showpiece, the vice presidency is shapeless and boring. Thumb-twiddling talent and looking good in black are the major qualifications, from what I've seen.

So think of what Jackson could do with it. He could give it shape, putting some clout behind his discussions with other nations' leaders, speaking out and generating some

excitement. He could give meaning to a worthless post.

Of course, any president would be loathe to have a vice president who would outshine or contradict him. Even Jackson realizes that he would be heavily restricted as vice president. Plus, the thought of Jackson stepping in to replace a prematurely removed president tends to cause many peoples' hands to start twitching mysteriously.

While Jackson would be the perfect person to give the office some life, it doesn't follow that he, or any good vice president, would be the perfect replacement president. With that in mind, he is the wrong person for Dukakis to invite into the Dukakis camp.

*Bill Hildebolt is a sophomore economics/political science major from Winston-Salem.*

## Summer job doesn't fulfill expectations of excitement

Summer jobs — we all dread them, and yet we still pursue these glimpses into the working world to pay the bills — at least that's my excuse. So I got a job working at the center of mass hysteria — K mart.

At first this seemed to be an answer to my prayers — a job secured to take back to Statesville and convince my parents that I had to stay in Chapel Hill. My parents agreed to

let me stay, seeing the obvious cultural benefits the summer would hold for me in journalism and at K mart.

I then had the summer wrapped up in a neat package: job, writing and free time to hang out with the guys — but the package became soiled and the bottom fell out. I've been in the working world a few weeks and my hindsight shows me how deceived I was.

**Randy Basinger**  
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When I started my job, I found it rather disturbing as the only organization appeared to be the "L" shape we walked to get to the clockroom. I was given a sheet of

paper displaying the rules and regulations which I scanned (first mistake) and signed (second mistake). I received a rundown of the store and then was whisked to the man who would train me in the ways of stocking shelves.

Next I learned the familiar cry of "Price check/Void!" as I entered the realm of cash registering. This new world included the danger of scanning an item twice and having to get the item voided — I prefer the term vaporized — while hundreds of fuming customers piled up behind the stalled register. Another occupational hazard occurs when someone pays for a 59-cent purchase with MasterCard or for a \$10 purchase with nickels.

The twilight checkout zone hit last week when I was forced into manual labor after 5 p.m. Closing time rolled in at 9:30, but I had to count all my money to know that it was all there and to prove I'm not embezzling money from the store (as if I'd tell them if I were). I finally escaped, only to realize — I have to be back at 8 a.m.! 'Welcome to an all-expense paid summer in the purgatory of K mart,' was all I could think about on the ride home. Where were the laughs,

the free time, the jokes, the high life?

When payday rolled around, I reflected on what I'd gone through to earn the meager wage. I had just received the announcement over the intercom for 72 to report to checkouts (the only joy that comes from hearing your number called is that the Air Supply/Barry Manilow/Muzak music is dulled for a brief moment). As the soft music pierced my ears again I raced to the front, but somewhere in the sympathy cards, right next to the gas grills and archery sets, I had to squeal to a halt as the words, "Excuse me, sir! Sir! I almost slipped in that puddle in the toy section — go over there and walk in it and see how slick it is."

As I trudged back to the stockroom for a mop, I realized I would someday look back on that day and look down at my tax losses, pour the few nickels left from my paycheck into my pocket, and think out loud, "Man, that was going to be one crazy summer."

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